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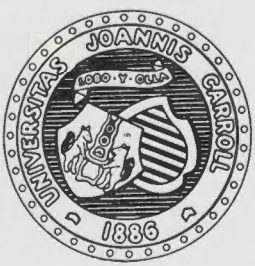
UNIVERSITAS JOANNIS CARROLL
1886

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The Carroll Quarterly
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Ten Came Running

by David Lowe

LEADERS arise from two situations. Those who lead a mass of men who are uniformly agreeable as to their particular desire, and those who begin with a preconceived cause and expand it to the mass. An example of the former would be one who has the presence of mind to conduct an orderly exodus from a spontaneously dangerous situation; the most pregnant example of the latter is witnessed in ten men in our own university.

"Do ten men really represent the student body?" No, but more importantly, YES, they do. Permit me to clarify my seemingly ambiguous answer. No, of course the student body is not explicitly represented by virtue of the obvious fact that everything spoken by the Voice of Carroll is new reading to them. But NOT new ideas, necessarily. Some have repressed their own unrest; some are afraid to offend the great god, Conformity; and, to be brutally objective, some do not know enough about prevailing issues in their university to merit a place in it. So. let us say that the Voice does represent those of John Carroll who are worthy of representation. If the number is scant, then more's the pity. This is not to say that ignorance cannot be alleviated. Rather, the Voice calls to the ignorant along with the "enlightened" to a unified recognition of existing fallacies.

The principles of the Voice of Carroll have been clearly

stated; constructive measures have been presented to minds presumably searching for truth; sincere, balanced judgments should be made of the objective facts which are before us. We are certainly capable of rising above the immature stage of taunting ten men merely because they use a method somewhat foreign to us. Truth is more objective than method. I cannot believe that in a university of over 3000 students only ten men have the mind and courage to air their convictions. Yet, they are pounced upon by some as having no "character," no "individuality." My kind reader, *you* cannot be accused of holding such false judgment. You know that in our society a man maintains the God-given prerogative to express himself, whether the subject be serious, or if it be as petty a desire as to have tree-lined walks on our campus so that we shall look "Ivy League." I have seldom heard our rights better expressed than with this sublime statement from a *Carroll News* editorial: "Our sentiments have been given freedom of expression, of which the more mature take full advantage. We have been freed of the shackles of the gang spirit. . . ."

A poll could (but *would* it?) be taken among the students to determine poignant issues perplexing Carroll's students. How effective would it be? How many would take it seriously? It is not difficult to imagine students getting together to work out the most satisfactory (or most ridiculous) answers to a "yes-or-no" ballot. Does not bureaucracy dampen enthusiasm? The Voice wants thinkers, not machines. Furthermore, it wants individualistic thinkers who love nothing better than truth. Those of whom this desire proves too demanding are not the ones who would advance the efficiency of their university to begin with.

You have probably all heard of the farmer who sold a mule to one of his neighbors, telling him that all that was necessary to get the mule to work was to talk gently to him. The following day presented the seller with a sight far removed from gentle talking. The buyer had taken a length of 2 x 4 lumber, and was beating the lethargic beast over the head with it. When the seller reminded the buyer of the means by which the animal could be induced to work, the new owner answered: "Yeah, I know. But fust ye gotta git 'is attention."

TEN CAME RUNNING

Quite a jolt seems to be necessary to rouse the average American from his stupor. To *keep* his attention is not far short of impossible. How often does the significance of that conical coffin careening through space with a dead dog, drag across your too-busy mind? Did that bit-article (appearing on approximately the fourteenth page of a local newspaper) about the new mayor of the capitol of Okinawa being a Communist-backed socialist bother you? Out on a cold, red desert this moment a beast is gorging himself with power and determination; he will slouch toward some naive nation to be born — to spawn his seed.

The Voice is a "shock," we might say. It breaks with conventionality. It gets attention, too; and it is refreshing to see and hear students discussing its merits, no mean accomplishment in itself.

The Voice of Carroll is widely known on campus. Yet, with the exception of the "ten," everyone is equally cognizant of its purport — at least, they should be if they have studied the articles left for us in the lobby with any degree of intelligence. The Voice's final cause is reform. Is this so bad?

No man at John Carroll can sincerely say that our educational system is on par with what it could be. Would we have ours any different? Would we have reform? Almost in unison, the answer is negative. Why? Because our system is relatively painless; we learn only enough to get our degrees (God forbid an ounce more!); we have twisted motives, ranging from subsequent monetary gain to the fact that our fathers will be able to say: "Yeah, my son, he went to college." We have a system which throws idiots in with intellectuals, then teaches the intellectuals at the same pace as the idiots. We cater to the mediocre; we have freedom of attendance, but not freedom of education. These are such commonly known facts that they have faded into oblivion just as the threat by Stalin of world Communism has largely been ignored.

Why do we escape responsibility and judgment? Is it not true that if individuals shirk responsibility, the few who will lead will dictate to the rabble? Totalitarianism thrives on irresponsibility. We do not wish to be judged, but we judge ourselves. We know we are at fault, but we laugh it off, hide from

it; our comrades console us — we weep on each other's shoulders. But we do not escape as long as we have the power to think. A ruthless paradox? Certainly, it is. We feel the knife twist.

Do not be too quick, therefore, to nip the Voice in the bud. Open your mind to the fact that you are the one who will ultimately benefit by its struggle. Help it grow; it will not attain its end unless it is nourished by the soil of eagerness. It is a beacon of truth gleaming through the fog of modern educational confusion.

* * *

I had occasion to interview one of the Voice's members recently. For your interest and edification, I have elected to include the catechization in this article. I will be asking questions directed to the member; he will answer.

Q. When did you become affiliated with the Voice of Carroll, and for what reasons?

A. When and why can both be answered the same way: the essential reason being that I found, although the core of John Carroll's educational system is sound, there exist many privations which limit it from becoming and achieving a true university spirit.

A. What role does the Voice expect to play in mitigating these "privations"?

A. First: awareness, for nothing can be done without that. Then, as effect follows upon cause, educational reform.

Q. You have been accused of revolting for revolution's sake by an editorial which bases its charge on "good authority." Will you explain this?

A. The accusers, like some untutored scholars in logic, have started with our method of propaganda, which is strange, and have worked from this method to our goal. Thus, they conclude that our goal is revolution for revolution's sake. However, as an insider, I can say that this accuser neither knows our goal, nor is he justified in committing himself as to what our goal is. Since our goal is not revolution for revolution's sake, but one of educational reform, this man

has justly earned himself the title of "pretentious palm-reader."

Q. I would have you remember, sir that your accuser is six feet, eight inches tall, weighs 265 pounds, and wields an unrelenting pen. Does this frighten you?

A. No — there are ten of us.

Q. But your adversary *knows* on "good authority" that you *are* revolting for revolution's sake. How is this explained?

A. He has not yet learned that distinction between necessary reform and revolution. For, as I am acquainted with the members, I know and believe that they are trying to do away with the cultural lethargy which exists at John Carroll University, and which has already been alluded to by a faculty member.

Q. You have been charged with presenting only one side of the issue of reform, and that done critically, not constructively. Can you defend yourself?

A. True, we present only one side — the side of reality; and in reality there is only one side — it exists as it is. Yet, when reality is limited, not perfected, as our own educational system is, it is seen as a problem — a problem we try to acquaint the students with, and in so doing, seek and give solutions.

Q. It is true that you are adopting Marxist tactics. Although any term referring even vaguely to the U.S.S.R. carries with it a pejorative connotation, it would seem that you have no other alternative for action. Am I correct in my assumption?

A. Yes, you may use that phrase. However, we do so for the reason you stated. The regular voice of the student body — the Carroll Union — is ruled by some other hand than its own. Therefore, to familiarize the average student with the problems and what should be done about them, we must remain secret. For, if we were exposed and scattered, who would take up our purpose — the girls of Ursuline? We must strike "while the flavor lasts."

Q. We are acquainted with several of your minor reforms

from your first few pamphlets. We have been instructed to "watch and wait" for presumably larger reforms. Would you elaborate on some of your more prominent goals?

A. To go into full detail on our major reforms, I fear to do; for, being summarized, they may be misunderstood or misinterpreted.

Q. Would you give us *one* of your goals?

A. How does the introduction of an honors program into Carroll strike you?

Q. With great curiosity. Assuming this to be one of your goals, why would you inject such a system?

A. Indeed, it is one of our goals. As in all Americanized systems of education, which appeal to the majority rather than the elite, there exists an intellectual tragedy, and the intellectual's potential, instead of being fulfilled, is burnished with empty shadows.

Q. Specifically, what is the honors program, and how will it relieve the "tragedy"?

A. The honors program is essentially a combination of a European-type educational system with an American one. It is geared to the individual who can assimilate knowledge on his own; this individual would not need to attend classes. He would meet with his professor once, possibly, every two weeks to discuss the work assigned and the work to be done. The relationship would not be one of class and teacher, but between student and teacher.

Q. What particular benefit will John Carroll receive from this system?

A. The individual student would be able to take courses not offered in the curriculum, which is often limited in a small school such as John Carroll. By averting the intellectual tragedy, the honors program will also raise Carroll's standards.

Q. Obviously, then, more intelligent students have decided advantages, do they not?

A. Yes, with a closer relation between student and teacher, his outside reading would be on the level of his capacity.

Also, with this close relationship, exams would possibly be done away with, depending on the teacher, in favor of essays.

Q. What of the average student?

A. One of the main problems the teacher faces in the classroom is on what level he should teach. With the superior student in the honors program, the average student would benefit by being taught on his level.

Q. Are there any benefits to the below-average college-goer?

A. There are plenty of manual labor jobs outside of the university.

Q. How widespread is the honors program today?

A. It exists not only in many of the prominent Catholic universities, such as Georgetown, Fordham, Xavier, and Loyola, but also right down to our smaller women's colleges, including one in Ohio. Surely, if they possess facilities to produce an honors program, so can Carroll. One of the objections that is usually brought against this system, is that the student cannot assimilate knowledge on his own. However, that this system does exist, is proof of its truth and advantages. But as at Fordham, for example, it must be fought for by the students; it is not won by complacency.

Q. What chance do you sincerely believe the Voice of Carroll has in achieving its admirable aspirations?

A. We leave that decision to the individual student. If he believes in our goal, which will seemingly benefit the university as well as himself, let him become one of our voices and speak with us. But if your voice be weak, lend us your arms and strike for us; if your arms are too weak, there are other voices, other arms, much stronger than yours.

* * *

The Voice of Carroll symbolizes a moribund character — the individualistic man. The twentieth-century collegian is not unlike the Organization Man of William H. Whyte. Both seem to exist as units of society, not as individuals. Vocationalism and specialization have all but sucked the veins of the humanities dry. Whyte has faith, however, in the Ivy League univer-

sities and the smaller liberal arts colleges as revitalizers of the humanities. These carry the hope that man will not become machine.

We must not forget the excellences of our university. We must remember that our knowledge of philosophy, theology, and the humanities *as we glean it now* is the staff (or chaff) upon which we will lean tomorrow. Therefore, do not relax your grip on individuality — it is your assurance that Carroll will serve you in the future as you would be served. "There are only a few times in organization when he [man] can wrench his destiny into his own hands — and if he does not fight then, he will make a surrender that will later mock him."[1] Answer the Voice.

[1] William H. Whyte, *The Organization Man*, p. 15.

Black Sacrament

At the pre-Lenten altar,
In penitence I knelt
And asked my God one question
Before I the ashes felt.

"What Sacrament is mine, Dear Lord
Who helped to crucify Thee?"
God bowed low and wrote in black
upon my brow, "Mortality."

— Lawrence Raybourne

A Fair Exchange

by Lawrence Raybourne

FAR from the Contiental type, Madame Stella was strictly American — Brooklyn, to be exact, and if she smelled of garlic, it was only from the Coney Island she consumed for lunch at the boardwalk concession next to her own. In the center of a canvas fly which covered the opening of her tent and colorfully bordered with signs of the zodiac, appeared the invitation: COME IN. LET ME REVEAL PERSONAL FACTS ABOUT YOUR PAST AND FUTURE AS REVEALED BY THE STARS.

"He'll never believe it," said the caster of horoscopes, scratching the tip of her over-powdered nose and shaking her Woolworth earrings in negation. "No husband would believe such a thing, honey."

"You don't know my Barnaby. He believes everything I tell him," declared Mrs. Brown impatiently, "especially when he's had it on his mind for this long."

The carnival gypsy's client twisted her diamonds nervously about her middle-aged throat and rearranged her ermine stole about her shoulders in a variety of discomforted ways that be-lied the calculating determination in her eyes. "Barnaby will go along with it," she continued. "The more sensational, the better. Besides, I'm paying you to do exactly as I tell you, whether you happen to think I'm doing the right thing or not."

"And from the looks of you, dearie, you can afford it,"

thought the fortune teller to herself. "I haven't seen as much dough as you're giving me in six months. Why shouldn't I do just like you say? When all this is over, I'm taking the dough and moving to the West Coast, where it's warm; I won't be around to take the blame if this crazy idea don't work."

Mrs. Brown was in complete command of the situation now; her bearing was full of authority and she sneered as though condescending to someone miserably small.

"If you will follow my orders," she was continuing dictatorially, "Barnaby will do precisely as I anticipate. Now tell me once again what you are to do."

"When your husband comes here, you want me to see in the crystal ball that a fair-haired woman will enter his life. Like you say, he'll know right-off that this is the broad that lives across the street — the one he's making eyes at instead of you."

"Please," said Mrs. Brown, straightening indignantly, "It is not necessary for you to be so trivial. As I have explained, my husband happens to love me very much. He just needs a little time to realize he can't live without me. In the meantime, this other woman has, as you have so vulgarly put it, been attracting my husband's attentions. Not that he could stay away from me for over a week," she hurried to add, "before realizing that this was only a caprice. His conscience wouldn't allow him to remain actively unfaithful for longer than that, but naturally I won't stand by and have my security threatened by this hussy's cheap sex appeal."

"Are you sure he's noticed her?" Madame Stella asked.

"Oh, yes. Everytime we pass her on the street or see her in a store, I see that glint in his eyes that means trouble. And the look she gives him back makes me want to choke her — or him. The overgrown mouse would leap at the chance to think he was putting something over on me. That's why I want you to help me — by making him think he's succeeded."

"So after I get him to confide in me about her, you want me to pull the magic routine."

"Yes, pretend that you have cast a spell over us two women and that by some mysterious, metaphysical means, you have transferred her soul or personality into my body — and

mine into hers. Remember, though, I want you to tell him that only he will know the exchange has taken place and that it is permanent."

"I'll ask him for a lock of your hair while you're asleep. I'll burn it so he can watch, over a black candle and murmur voodoo chants. He'll go back home to you, thinking that his heartthrob now lives inside what only *appears* to be his wife. But how will you get him here?"

"It won't be difficult. I'll tell him, this evening, what an excellent reader I encountered on the waterfront this afternoon. I'll tell him how accurate your revelations were. He'll be so prejudiced in your favor by tomorrow, he won't be able to resist the temptation of coming here at once." She wrapped her fur piece around her and slipping several bills of large denomination from her bag, handed them to the charlatan.

"Tucked inside the money, you'll find a snapshot of Barnaby so there'll be no mistake. Yes, Barnaby really has a flair for the occult," she snorted. "Before we were married, his mother died, leaving him a talisman she brought from the Orient. He always carries it with him," she said, rising to leave. "It's a curious charm, made of leather or bark with scribblings on it — supposed to protect him from a scheming wife."

Both women laughed: Madame Stella, because she held the cash which would finance her trip when the job was finished; Mrs. Brown, because she understood Barnaby so well.

The first clue to her success arrived two mornings later when Mrs. Brown awakened discovering that a small piece of her hair was missing. All that day long, she glowed with vibrant expectancy, awaiting her husband's return from work. To nothing less than her sheerest delight, he arrived home four hours earlier than usual. He brought her flowers, jewelry and chocolates. He kissed her lengthily in a way in which she had almost forgotten it was possible to kiss. He took her out to dinner and a ballroom, lavished her with attentions and gentle chivalry that she hadn't known since their courtship. At night, much earlier than they usually had their bedtime, he bestowed nocturnal favors and whispered words that would

have made a less broadminded woman than she blush exceedingly in the amorous darkness.

And so it is, with little plasticity of the imagination, possible to conceive the multitudinous changes which came over them both in the week which beautifully followed.

She talked more pleasantly to him, took interest in his tastes, shared his sympathies, and surrendered more passionately to virility of which she never dreamed him capable. She behaved youthfully and fixed her hair in a style which was the vogue among younger women. She applied cosmetics that had long been abandoned on her dressing table. She filled their neatly cleaned house with the smells of all his favorite dishes appetizingly prepared. The more fondness he demonstrated towards her, the more affectionate and charming she became, which in turn, even increased his lovingness and brought out his most romantic attributes.

When once he alluded to how different she seemed, she only laughed coyly and pretended not to know what he meant, while all the time she unconsciously emulated, more by the day, all the desirability of the women he had admired before. Seeing at last, all his wife's latent virtues in their full bloom (those which he had imagined belonged solely to the other woman), made his satisfaction, as well as hers, increase more with each experience.

One afternoon they passed the tall, blonde, young woman as she was coming out of a bar. Lately, for some reason, she was beginning to drink rather heavily. In fact, Barnaby remarked how drab she was becoming (as indeed she was, for her face was crestfallen at seeing no response or receptivity in her former admirer). She was beginning to sag, look irritable, tired, and nervous from no longer receiving the approving looks which Barnaby, in passing, never ceased rendering his wife.

At the conclusion of the first glorious week, Mrs. Brown attended a fashion show. There she sipped cocktails and nibbled *hors d'oeurves* while she watched and ordered for herself all the fashions to her liking. She was the envy of all the attendant women whose husbands had neither told *them*, after eighteen years of marriage, that *they* were deserving of new

wardrobes nor insisted that *they* go on shopping tours and that money was no object. Before leaving, in the lobby she bought a costly French perfume with erotic properties for which the Parisian distiller vouched it was unique. Alluringly fragrant and brimming with ecstacy, she hurried home to where she found the note which Barnaby had adoringly pinned to her pillow. It read:

My Dearest — and I call you this because that truly is what you shall always be to me. How will you ever forgive me for the hopeless lie I have tried to live with by deceiving you these past memorable days. More awful is the fact that my punishment is irrevocable; in vain I have sought the witch, or whatever she is, who is responsible for this change. How ironic that even though I now confess all, you can never be fully cognizant that a spell has taken place. Madeline is confused too, right now, but has consented to come far away with me. This must be my penance: For the rest of my life I shall treat her as I would have treated you, for it is to her, my wife, that I owe my real duty. It is of solace that at least that gorgeous body of yours will be mine, although it must be only my heart which is yours forever.

BARNABY

On Thursday

by John Diskin

> He will truly be a painter, *the* painter, who will know how to draw out of our daily life its epic aspects, and will see and understand in color and design, how we are great and poetic in our neckties and polished boots.
>
> — Charles Baudelaire[1]

THAT the choice of a quotation from Baudelaire might seem a somewhat irrelevant introduction for an article on the fiction of Chesterton is a measure of the superficiality with which Chesterton has been evaluated both by his detractors and his admirers. He is English, *or* Catholic, *or* in the "Western Tradition," an evaluation which is reminiscent of Boswell's characterization of Samuel Johnson as *Jean Bull philosoph*; it has objective grounds but no adequacy. To understand more of this strange work, it is necessary to turn to the tradition of French poetry, for *The Man Who Was Thursday* is, if it is anything, probably the best novel of the French decadence in English.

"Decadence" is, of course, an unfortunate term, and one which is somewhat unfair to the novel. Certainly no critic would any longer choose it to characterize the tradition which developed in French poetry from Baudelaire to the present, yet in speaking of the influences of this tradition on the English writers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, on what Mr. Graham Green has so aptly called "the Edwardian Inferno," the choice of such a term is fairly forced upon the historian by these writers themselves. To us, at least,

it would seem that Wilde, Dowson, Symonds, *et al* chose, with preternatural accuracy, to imitate precisely those elements in French literature over which we feel a compulsive embarrassment. It is hard to judge; personally, I cannot imagine the intellectual excitement found in the novels of Huysmans, but neither can I imagine what I would have to be like in order to enjoy the plays of John Dryden, and yet we have indisputable evidence that they were not merely admired, but enjoyed.

In the historical judgment, however, time is on our side. The accidents of birth being what they are, we are in a position to know that exoticism was a road that led nowhere, and that the Symbolist movement found its real goal (in Mallarmé, for example) in the magical transfiguration of the commonplace.[2]

It is in this respect that *The Man Who Was Thursday* seems superior, at least in its consciousness of the problems involved, to the work of Chesterton's contemporaries. Exoticism could hardly be described as absent; yet the hero, Gabriel Syme, delights to view himself (as did Chesterton himself, for that matter) as Baudelaire's "poet of the commonplace."[3] It is to Gregory, the "real anarchist," that the exoticism thought typical of French literature is relegated.[4]

Yet more important than the individual characterization is the tone of the entire work, which may fairly be described as "apocalyptic." What is literally promised is a new heaven and a new earth, an "uncovering" which will lead to the realization of that persistent dream of French literature from Baudelaire to the present—the magical making of all things new.[5] And Syme's world has, in fact, been forever renewed by his adventures.

> And long afterwards, when Syme was middle-aged and at rest, he could never see one of those particular objects — a lamp-post, or an apple tree, or a windmill — without thinking that it was a strayed reveller from that revel of masquerade.[6]

Such a book is, in intent at least, a serious work, and it is somewhat surprising to find it classed, by Mr. Eliot, among the works of men

> who are sincerely desirous of forwarding the cause of religion: that which may come under the heading of Propaganda. I am

> thinking, of course, of such delightful fiction as Mr. Chesterton's *Man Who Was Thursday*, or his *Father Brown*.[7]

To do so extenuates what I am forced to regard as its failure, but only by disregarding the author's intention.

For what the book promises, in common with all apocalyptic literature, is the intelligibility of the *end*. His whole rhetoric is one of the end of days: his heroes are "the last of mankind"[8] engaged upon "The Last Crusade."[9] The result of such a scenic placement is extremely important, since it makes the actual effect of action beside the point: what counts is the intent.

> "Well, really," said Syme, "I don't know of any profession of which mere willingness is the final test."
>
> "I do," said the other — "martyrs. I am condemning you to death. Good day."[10]

This is, unfortunately, not so; intelligence is demanded even of martyrs and no man can (or at least should be able to — some do) escape the responsibility of the effects of action. But in an apocalyptic setting the results of action become unimportant. Hence the gesture of good intent is sufficient.[11]

This is, I think, so far valid. But by this technique the author puts himself in the position of promising a revelation, that is, a direct apprehension of the criterion or that by which good intentions are called good. It is not necessary to evaluate action by its effects, but if an author chooses not to do so, by this very choice he commits himself to the evaluation of Goodness itself, for it is only in a world in which Goodness becomes immanent that the effects of human action will become irrelevent.

It is in these respects, however, that the novel fails, both in the character of its hero, and in the adequacy of the answer offered to justify the existence of God. Syme is, if looked at closely, a pseudo-hero, whose only criterion of good is a romantic love of lost causes.[12]

In order to understand the deficiency in Syme's character, it may be helpful to distinguish between "attitude" and "act." By "act" I mean an action which has no more than two terms, an actor and an end. By "attitude" I mean an action which has, in idea at least, three terms, an actor, an apparent end,

and an observer. Hence if I do something, I may do so simply because I want to, which would make my action a simple "act" or I may do so in order to form a certain conception of myself in the mind of the observer, who need not necessarily be really distinct from myself. If he is distinct it is an external attitude; if the observer is simply myself it is an internal attitude. But in either case the apparent end of the action is only apparent; its real end is the formation of an idea of myself in someone's mind, either my own or someone else's. And this idea is an expression of the *kind* of person the actor is, that is, "attitude" is an aesthetic device by which the self is put into form, is given limits and therefore value.

If Chesterton's hero's criterion of good is examined in this context it can be seen as falling into the classification of "attitude." More precisely, it is "chivalry" and "honor." Syme is bound by his "honor" not to reveal the existence of the anarchists to the police. The limit to the possibilities of his action is thus set by the idea he wishes to retain of himself, that is, by an aesthetic criterion.

If the criterion of good is fundamentally aesthetic the criterion of evil is even more so.

> "I'm in the same boat," said the Professor, "I tried to tell the police and I couldn't, because of some silly oath I took. You see, when I was an actor I was a sort of all-round beast. Perjury or treason is the only crime I haven't committed. If I did that I shouldn't know the difference between right and wrong."[13]

Like Dickens' fat boy, Chesterton "wants to make your flesh creep." The secretary's smile "goes wrong"[14] — but only in aesthetic terms. Saturday's eyes are covered up "because they are too frightful to see."[15] Of Syme's first meeting with Sunday Chesterton writes,

> Syme, indeed, was one of those men who are open to all the more nameless psychological influences in a degree a little dangerous to mental health. Utterly devoid of fear in physical dangers, he was a great deal too sensitive to the smell of spiritual evil. Twice already that night little unmeaning things had peeped out at him almost pruriently, and given him a sense of drawing nearer and nearer to the headquarters of hell. And this sense become overpowering as he drew nearer to the great President.[16]

This "aura" of evil is straight out of nineteenth-century France. But the real question here is not its reality, but its sufficiency as a criterion of evil in an apocalyptic work.

The deficiency of the book is seen most clearly in the "council of the days." This is, of course, the crucial scene, since it is here that the actions of God must be justified. The essence of an apocalyptic work must be a reconcilation in terms of *understanding*, not simply a cessation of action. This is extremely difficult; a really satisfactory reconcilation is impossible. But if an author confines himself to the symbolic intent of action he has already contracted for such an attempt.

Essentially, the problem of *The Man Who Was Thursday* turns on the problem of the goodness of God and the existence of suffering. The indictment against God falls into two parts: 1) Do the good suffer? and 2) Even assuming that they do, does God Himself undertake a similar burden?

Chesterton begins his reconciliation in aesthetic terms. Following a pursuit of Sunday which is reminiscent both of the farce chase and the surrealist movement (being conducted by cab, fire engine, elephant, and balloon), the detectives are ritually escorted to an unknown country mansion at which they are received as if long expected, clothed in symbolic garments, and conducted to a series of stone chairs, from which they watch "a vast carnival of people [dancing] in motley dress."

> Syme seemed to see every shape in Nature imitated in some crazy costume. . . . One would have thought that the untamable tune of some mad musician had set all the common objects of field and street dancing an eternal jig.[17]

For a long time, after the detectives have been joined by Sunday, they remain seated in silence, creating an effect of rest in preparation for a final explanation.

Yet this very period of "rest" implies, in some sense, that the reconciliation has already taken place. Bull says quite explicitly, " 'I understand nothing, but I am happy. In fact, I am going to sleep.' "[18] This attitude is not, however, characteristic of all the detectives, but all their complaints and questions are dismissed in favor of Gregory's, the "real anarchist's." This is valid, since Gregory's indictment of God is

more serious, but this is no simple postponement — they are completely forgotten. And the justification offered to Gregory will certainly not fit the case of the detectives.

Gregory's complaint is, primarily, against the detectives: that the end was never really in doubt and that the good are always safe.

> "The only crime of the Government is that it governs. The unpardonable sin of supreme power is that it is supreme. I do not curse you for being cruel. I do not curse you (though I might) for being kind. I curse you for being safe! You sit in your chairs of stone, and have never come down from them. You are the seven angels of heaven, and you have had no troubles. Oh, I could forgive you everything, you that rule all mankind, if I could feel for once that you had suffered for one hour a real agony such as I — "[19]

Syme interrupts and, speaking on behalf of the detectives, replies that they have, for each was totally isolated, believing that the other detectives were anarchists. Then, however, he turns to Sunday and asks the same question, this time on behalf of the detectives.

> "Have you," he cried in a dreadful voice, "have you ever suffered?"
>
> As he gazed, the great face grew to an awful size, grew larger than the colossal mask of Memnon, which had made him scream as a child. It grew larger and larger, filling the whole sky; then everything went black. Only in the blackness before it entirely destroyed his brain he seemed to hear a distant voice saying a commonplace text that he had heard somewhere, "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of?"[20]

This is emotionally attractive, of course; the concept of a suffering God is rather more lovable than that of a successful One, but, in this context at least, it is somewhat less than satisfactory. For, granted that God suffers, it would only prove that suffering is widely distributed, not that it is justified.

Earlier, however, during the pursuit of Sunday, a more interesting and perhaps more characteristic answer is suggested.

> "Listen to me," cried Syme with extraordinary emphasis. "Shall I tell you the secret of the whole world? It is that we have only known the back of the world. We see everything from

> behind, and it looks brutal. That is not a tree but the back of a tree. That is not a cloud but the back of a cloud. Cannot you see that everything is stooping and hiding a face? If we could only get round in front — "[21]

The implication here seems to be that the front of the tree is not "really" real, that is, the answer is presented in terms of a Platonic idealism. Platonism is not, I admit, generally associated with Chesterton, yet it was his answer here and remained, I think, characteristic of all his writings.[22] This is not contradicted by the strong sensuous element in his writings, nor his appeal to the reality of common ordinary "things"; matter must be very real before you trouble to deny its reality.

Despite its failure, or rather because of the deficiencies that constitute its failure, it has some appeal. Fundamentally, this seems to be the appeal of the end. But, as in *Cyrano* (which Chesterton greatly admired), the end is reached too easily. All these romantic works share the fallacious assumption that the symbolic value of the action is something public, which rests, I think, on the assumption that people can share the same interior worlds. Hence the simplicity, hence the appeal, but hence also the failure.

FOOTNOTES

[1] "Review of the Salon of 1845," in *The Mirror of Art*, p. 37.

[2] The parallel between Chesterton's work and contemporaneous French painting is instructive. His usage of color suggests (in some respects) the Fauvrist movement, since it is generally used to give form to the objects he is describing. "It looked like the end of the world. All the heaven seemed covered with a quite vivid and palpable plumage; you could only say that the sky was full of feathers, and of feathers that almost brushed the face. Across the great part of the dome they were grey, with the strangest tints of violet and mauve and an unnatural pink or pale green; but towards the west the whole grew past description, transparent and passionate, and the last red-hot plumes of it covered up the sun like something too good to be seen." (p. 4). These are not colored clouds, but colors which happen to be clouds. Later Syme sees "a harsh, white dawn edged with banks of a kind of coarse red, more like red clay than red cloud." (pp. 140-141). The quality of colors used is even more significant, for they are either "off shades" (which rather resemble Toulouse-Lautrec's) or colors which are too bright — almost

hysterically so, as may be seen from the watercolors in *The Colored Lands*. The only exception to this treatment is seen in the costuming for the "Council of Days," yet here, curiously enough, Chesterton follows a symbolism which appealed to Baudelaire also. "A man's idea of what is beautiful imprints itself upon his attire and bearing; it crumples or smooths his coat, rounds out or straightens his movements, and in time subtly penetrates even his features. A man ends by resembling what he would like to be." "The Painter of Modern Life," in *The Essence of Laughter*, p. 21.

[3] It is interesting that Baudelaire and Chesterton both choose to describe the commonplace as epical. "'We feel it is epical when man with one wild arrow strikes a distant bird. Is it not also epical when man with one wild engine strikes a distant station?'" (p. 7).

[4] Something of the background of *The Man Who Was Thursday* may be seen in an article entitled "The Diabolist" reprinted, in part, in Maisie Ward's *Gilbert Keith Chesterton*. It describes a fellow student at Slade Art School (attended by Chesterton 1892-1895), and illuminates Chesterton's state of mind at the time as well as the roots of a novel which was published in 1907. "He was a man with a long, ironical face, and close red hair; he was by class a gentleman, and could walk like one, but preferred, for some reason, to walk like a groom carrying two pails. He looked like a sort of super-jockey; as if some archangel had gone on the Turf." (p. 45). Compare this with the description of Gregory: "His dark red hair parted in the middle was literally like a woman's, and curved into the slow curls of a virgin in a pre-Raphaelite picture. From within this almost saintly oval, however, his face projected suddenly broad and brutal, the chin carried forward with a look of cockney contempt. This combination at once tickled and terrified the nerves of a neurotic population. He seemed like a walking blasphemy, a blend of the angel and the ape." (p. 4).

[5] This pursuit has also been accurately described as the pursuit of innocence, a category which plays a large part in the novel. All the anarchists turn out to be detectives, and Sunday, it is suggested, is God. The country through which the detectives travel to the Council of Days reminds them "in some unaccountable way . . . of their boyhood." (p. 262). A dynamiter is spoken of as having "'carried into the unknowable abysses the last secret of his virtue and his innocence.'" (p. 37).

[6] *Thursday*, p. 269.

[7] T. S. Eliot, "Religion and Literature," in *Selected Essays: New Edition*, p. 346.

[8] *Thursday*, p. 220.

[9] *Ibid.*, p. 64.

[10] *Ibid.*, p. 64.

[11] It is also possible to remove the end from the action and leave it suspended entirely in its own absurdity. Again the comparison between Chesterton and contemporaneous French writers is interesting. The following selection is from a letter written by Chesterton to Frances Blogg. The description is of Chesterton getting up in the morning.

"He goes through a number of extraordinary and fantastic rituals; which the pompous elfland he has entered demands. The first is that he shall get inside a house of clothing, a tower of wool and flax; that he shall put on this foolish armour solemnly, one piece after another and each in its right place. The things called sleevelinks he attends to minutely. His hair he beats angrily with a bristly tool. For this is the Law. Downstairs a more monstrous ceremony attends him. He has to put things inside himself. He does so, being naturally polite. Nor can it be denied that a weird satisfaction follows.

"He takes a sword in hand (for what may not befall him in so strange a country!) and goes forth; he finds a hole in the wall, a little cave wherein sits One who can give him the charm that rules the horse of water and fire. He finds an opening and descends into the bowels of the earth. Down, among the roots of the Eternal Hills, he finds a sunless temple wherein he prays. And in the centre of it he finds a lighted temple in which he enters. Then there are noises as of an earthquake and smoke and fire in the darkness: and when he opens the door again he is in another temple, out of which he climbs into another world, leagues and leagues away." Quoted in Ward, *Chesterton*, p. 116.

Compare the following passage by Alfred Jarry. "It is one of our human superstitions that when we wish to speak with friends temporarily absent, we throw the written expression of our kind feelings into apertures especially made for that purpose, which resemble sewer vents; this after encouraging the tobacco trade, insidious as it is, with a small gift, and receiving in return little images, no doubt sacred, which we devoutly kiss on their backsides. This is not the place to criticize the incoherence of these gestures. . . ." *Gestes et Opinions du Dr. Faustroll Pataphysicien*, quoted in Marcel Raymond, *From Baudelaire to Surrealism*, p. 224.

[12] "Indeed, he always felt that Government stood alone and desperate, with its back to the wall. He was too quixotic to have cared for it otherwise." Chesterton, *Thursday*, p. 52. The advantage of lost causes is, of course, that one never incurs the responsibilities of victory.

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 154. Note the Professor's avoidance of justifying his own action implied in calling his oath "silly."

[14] *Ibid.*, p. 69.

[15] *Ibid.*, p. 82.

[16] *Ibid.*, p. 74.

[17] *Ibid.*, pp. 268-269.

[18] *Ibid.*, p. 275.

[19] *Ibid.*, pp. 277-278.

[20] *Ibid.*, p. 279.

[21] *Ibid.*, p. 257. Immediately after Syme's remark Sunday's balloon begins to descend.

[22] His book on St. Thomas, despite the fact that it has been highly praised, has always seemed to me to be a complete misreading of the Thomistic spirit (assuming that there is one). Its picture of St. Thomas as a kind of inspired apostle of the ordinary is the kind of tribute a Platonist *would* pay.

Glass Questions

Am I a mere reflection caught on glass,
Pale spectre, ghost irreal so soon to pass?
Am I but made of optics thin and light
Perceived coldly in others' feeble sight?
Am I a vibrant image blown by God,
A vial molded quick of vital sod,
A snatch of sand, flint-fired hollow prism,
A crystal catching color holding chrism?

— Gabriel, 1957

Oligos

I

When the marble wall and castle,
With the morning stood and waited,
Waited for the fleeting darkness
To desert her lofty pillars;

Then it was that all was splendour,
All was sunk in gracious living,
Columned structures far too stately,
Comely women far too shapely,
Long ago the prey,
Long had been the prey.

Then the lusty wine would round
The marble wall and marble palace;
And the guards a'top the turret
Slept beneath the morning redness,
Slept and crept the dark away,
Silken shadows crept away.

Had they king, these merry nobles,
Shapely women, sleeping sentries?
Had they guardian and father
With his heart among his people?

Aye, they had, and he a great one,
Oligos, by men acknowledged
King of kings and lord above them!
Spoke they thus and served him nothing;
Spoke they thus and turned away,
From his mandates turned away.

He had warned and he had cautioned,
Stormed above them as the tempest,
Raging with the winds of heaven,
Breaks upon the crusty marble;
And the marble turrets stay,
And the stubborn turrets away.

Loathe he was to see the dancing,
Loathe to smell the stench of evil,
Loathe to hear the raucous laughter
Echo down the halls of marble,
Ancient halls of elder virtue,
Citadel of strength and virtue;
Loathe to see the morning redness,
And the shadows melt away,
Fatal shadows melt away.

II

Oh my people you have fallen,
Fallen from whatever summits
Ancient leaders strove to conquer,
Fallen with the somber shadows
All in dark dismay
Fled in dark dismay.

III

When the sun had reached its zenith,
And the sky a blazing carpet,
All in blue and all a'welcome,
For the sun to walk upon it;

Then the crumbled wall and castle,
Then the place of former pleasure,
And the home of gracious living,
Seared it was and burning feebly;
Smoking dully in the day,
Feeble candle in the day.

— John D. McBride

NIFFCO
The First Story

by John Clifford

AT LAST I shall be dead. Then I will be. We all are after death. I think that I shall. I hope that I shall. I couldn't bear not existing. It has been all I have ever done. I think that I shall rest. From what. Being. If only I could find a place to stop and rest. If only I could find a stone like Maurice. But I haven't told you about Maurice. No, I haven't. I haven't told anything. My feet are tired. It doesn't matter.

I have been walking. I don't know how long. It has been long. Possibly all my life. No, I don't think so. It will be over soon. Then I will be happy. No more life. Ah. I will love it so. It is astonishing to be alive. I have been walking. That is how I met Maurice. He was a funny man. I have to laugh when I think of him. Ha, ha. He said that the waves were around. Silly man. I think that he was a man. He looked like a man. He had pants, a shirt, a hat, and a mustache. Most men have mustaches. Some shave them off every day. I never shave. Maurice was a man. He had a funny hat. I was walking when I saw him.

I was walking when I saw Maurice. Of course I didn't know that it was Maurice. I only knew that it was pants, shirt, hat, mustache and socks: a man. I think that they were men's socks. I don't wear socks. I don't need them. Maurice had blue socks. I think they were blue. Or red. Or yellow. I don't know. No matter. I had just passed something when I saw him. I think that it was growing. I had just passed something when I saw Maurice. He was just a little speck way off somewhere. I think that he was somewhere. He must have been somewhere. We are all somewhere. I think. I must have laughed to

see him — such a small, small thing coming toward me.

> Oh Speck! little, little speck of dust
> You are so small and I am so big
> Yet you are here and I am too
>
> To all the world I am a speck
> A little, little, little speck

I saw him come. It was night. No, it wasn't. If it were night then I couldn't have seen him. It must have been day. As I walked he kept getting bigger. How big could he get I wondered. As big as I. No. I didn't think so. I don't want to meet him I thought. I never want to meet anyone. So I walked over to the left (your right facing the other direction — if you are facing the other direction) so that I would pass him at a distance. But he walked to his right, my left (your right facing the other direction) and he came right — that is, directly, not right — toward me. But how could he walk to *his* right. How can anyone walk to their own right. Unless they stood still. Then they could walk to their own right, or left. What is my right when I walk to it. It is still there. I could never walk to my right, or left. Maurice can walk to my right or my left. I can't walk to my right. Someday I shall try. Possibly I shall never try. I don't know.

Maurice came. I knew what he was like. He was like all the others. I never wanted to meet them. As a child I never assembled with them. I don't like them. They smelled. They still do, I think. I used to throw rocks at little children. I never knew what to say to people. They would invariably say, "How do you do." I was supposed to ask it back. But I didn't. I didn't care how they did. Or were. Unless they were ill. Then I wanted to hear about their sicknesses. I could listen for hours to them tell about being ill. They always told me. Then I would dream of being ill. Very ill. So that I died. But I never did. I never could. I don't like animals either. They laughed at me too.

None of them are different. Maurice would be the same. He would ask me my name. He would tell me his name. I didn't want to know his name. Why should I? I could just call him "man." If I wanted to call him, that is. Sometimes I called

them men. Sometimes I never called them anything. When they beat me I called them dirty names. It was horrible. I didn't mind it though. It was either get beat or not. So I got beat. Not every night. Just sometimes. It hurt. But it didn't matter. I am still here. Maybe Maurice wants to beat me I thought. Or maybe he wants to kiss me. I would rather he beat me. It would be safer. Ah, but if he did neither then it would be safer yet. Then let him do neither I thought. But he came. All nature was smiling and here came Maurice. Like the black camel he came. Maurice came. He came up *to* me. I walked on so as not to have to talk to him. I wasn't sure that I could still talk. I had not talked for a long time. I had a dead fly in my pocket whom I used to talk to. He never listened. None of them ever listened. Maurice told me his name. "My name is Maurice," he said. I don't think that he had any other name. He didn't have a last name. But maybe Maurice was his last name. Then he didn't have a first name. Yet, Maurice might have been his middle name. In that case he didn't have a first name or a last name. Maurice. Possibly, now that I am so confused, Maurice wasn't even his name at all. Maybe it was Morris, or Malcomb, or Morton, or Morik. I don't know. But I shall call him Maurice — when I want to call him. I don't have a name. I don't need a name. What good does it do. It is only something for them to call me when they come. Names signify nothing. Maurice talked to me. I didn't listen. I never listen. I won't tell all that he said. I don't know all that he said. I didn't listen.

He told me his name. "My name is Maurice," he said. "So?" He asked me if I knew where one was. I replied that I didn't. We walked on. We walked for hours in silence. I don't know how long. I don't even know how long an hour is. I would if I wore a timepiece — a watch, an hour glass, or a sun dial — but I don't. I couldn't have a watch. I had one but it never worked. I never wound it. I had an hour glass too. I never turned it over when the one hour was over. I never had a sun dial. No sun. I don't have to know what time it is. It changes me none. It is always now. No matter to what moment I think of, it is now. I can think of a moment last week. Then that moment is existing now. The past is gone. The future is not

here. All is now.

I asked Maurice if he wanted some dog food. He said no. I took some from my pocket. It was stale. It tasted rotten. I think it had moss on it. It smelled — like Maurice. And I. It had been in my pocket for weeks. Ever since my dog died. I put it there, in my pocket, for another dog. I never had another dog. The food started to crumble in my hand so I ate it.

I think it was getting dark when he found it. That was just after I lost my shirt. I don't know where it went. I didn't care. I didn't need it. Maurice told me that he heard waves. "I hear waves," he said. Then he said, "Look. Here's one." I looked toward where he was pointing. There it was. A rock. He ran over to it and sat down. I noticed that all of his clothes were gone. He had them. I am sure. Or am I. What did he have. What do I *have*. In what way do I have anything. How does one have anything. Ah, I don't know. I don't know. I have nothing. I don't like that word. Have. I have something. Something goes. I have nothing. I still am. I have me. I go. Then what. I don't know.

Maurice sat down. He leaned on the stone. It got dark. Maurice said, "Good-by man. Come after me. Good-by human being." Going. Going. Maurice was going. "Good-by," I said. "Good-by, Maurice," I repeated. I had to cry. No I didn't. I didn't cry. Why cry? No. It was dark. Maurice didn't say anymore. He went to sleep. I didn't discharge my daily duties that night. I went to sleep standing up.

The next day I again started walking. I think that it was the next day. I am not sure. It was later than I usually arise. I don't know what time I usually arise. I carry no timepiece. I told that. The sun was high in the sky. It was hot. Very hot. I walked. I didn't think or do anything when I walked. I just walked. I said some things to myself. I said, "Lucky Maurice. Lucky Maurice." I repeated it over and over. I wish I found that rock. I didn't find it though. Maurice found it. I was getting tired. I was getting hot. Very hot.

I had trouble walking that day. My feet got hot. They were almost burning. I spit on them several times. They didn't get cool. The last time I spit out blood. Big clots of it. I didn't spit after that. I had a big heat blister on my right foot. Or

was it my left one. I don't remember. It was a foot. I know that. Also that day I fell into a ditch. I am still there. I don't know how long I have been here. Maybe I just fell in. I don't think so. I am getting confused. I am getting ill. I feel very sick. That is all that happened the day after Maurice.

I am going to sleep.

I am hot. My back is burned. I went to sleep in the sun. The skin is coming off of my back. I can pull it off. It is bleeding too. My eyes are almost shut. It is hard to see the paper. My fingers are swollen big. The sky is like a huge oven, cooking me for his dinner. Where is my birdseed? I don't know. Where is Maurice? Where am I? I don't know. Where is my dog food? Ah. I ate it. My pockets are gone. I don't care. I don't want to get up. Hot. I was far in advance. We had an

I lost my pencil. I forgot what I was saying. Maybe I wasn't saying anything. I can't see the paper now. The way of going will never stop. STOP. It won't. It can't. It must. It must. I must go. I want to go. It is terrible. I lost them. All of them. Maurice. Maurice come. No, go. Stay. Where are they. I don't know. I DON'T KNOW.

She was on the large bed as I walked in from my nice cool walk in the forest, with the green leaves about to be born again and the river full of bubbling life as was my new son. MY son. I slowly crept to where they lay. I was happy. Then it came. They came. The lamp fell. They leapt to the bed. They beat my wife. My son. I fought. It was no good. It was no good. Mother. Wife. Son. No. I ran. I ran to

I lost my pencil. I can hardly see. I was ill after I lost my pencil.

She was my mother. Not my wife. I was never married. I had no real son. Others were married. Not me. I lived a monologue. At weddings I used to spit bloo

I lost my pencil again.

Do not fear I said. But he didn't hear me. My son didn't

hear. The flames hit me as I ran to him. The door was fire. I ran back. I had to get in. I had to. I ripped off my shirt and covered my face. I knew where his bed was in the dark. I raced into the room. Flames hit me. They cut through my pants. I retreated. I could hear him crying on the bed. Father. Son. I cried. Again I leapt in. I had to get my son. I reached the bed. The blazing body of my son scorched my hands. I flew back. The only

I saw a stone. I crawled to it. I lose my pencil crawling. I am against the rock now. All is good. I think all is good. I am happy at last. I think I will do something. No, existing is enough.

Mother! You are ill. Ill. Her hair was gone. She fell

The waves are all around. Enolam help me. Vladimir! HELP! They are close now. The pain. Don't. We walked. There was no time. We had to act fast. The waves were all around. Pain. I have pain. I am glad. I am happy. Ever. All is now. All is ever. Nothing is more real than now. I know. May I go. My feet. Do. My feet are gone. No. They are there. I don't know. I don't care. It is for me. Maurice! Do I see you. Go. Go away! Don't help. I am happy. Maurice. My hand won't write

Jenny Missed Me

Jenny missed me as I left
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you rogue, who loves to get
Spice into your page, put that in.
Grant my misdemeanor sad,
Claim that, when we wed she kissed me,
Say she threw the vase, but add
Jenny missed me.

— *Anon*

The Ethical and the Technical and Freedom

by Germain Grisez

INDIVIDUALISM and socialism agree in important respects. In both there is a merging of ethics with technique. In both there is a one-way settlement of the tension between the individual and society, by a reduction of one to the other. Both miss the meaning of "freedom" in an important sense of that highly ambiguous word.

Individualism claims to make for freedom. It claims, in fact, to stand for the absolute freedom of the individual. But in what sense? In the sense that "freedom" denominates the man who is not a slave. The free man is his own mover; he is not someone's agent. The theory of individualism is an apologetic for this freedom.

Socialism also claims to make for freedom for all. But again, "freedom" in what sense? In the sense that "freedom" denominates the carefree as against the burdened. The free man carries no load; he has no problems to worry him. The theory of socialism tries to persuade men to seek this freedom.

The freedom to which the socialist looks forward would be new only in its application to the human world. A herd of domestic animals enjoys such freedom. The freedom the individualist exalts is common to lone wolves and free men. Neither of these kinds of freedom is negligible. Man has many good things common to himself and other animals. We might do well to have some of both kinds of freedom. But isn't there a

freedom distinctively human, a freedom known only to men?

Man has needs which must be satisfied and capacities which may be fulfilled. Other living things also have needs and capacities. But man differs from the rest, not only in having different needs and capacities on the whole, but man differs significantly too in the way he satisfies his needs and fulfills his capacities.

Let us try to clarify the distinction between human needs and capacities, between satisfying needs and fulfilling capacities. Common speech shows a certain wisdom when we say, "I could use some cash," when we mean, "I need cash." For the satisfaction of a need is the actual use of its object. Now use involves working on something extrinsic, a working which may be simple as running a glass of water or complex as building a ship. At a certain point of complication we talk about art or technique. Where the working is done on a big scale, with the application of scientific knowledge, we talk about technology and engineering.

But satisfying needs is not only a matter of technology in the narrow sense. Anything which involves working on something and ordering it for our use is part of the effort to satisfy needs, whether industry or commerce or home arts.

Fulfilling capacities, on the other hand, is the effect of a man's actions on himself. Do my acts complete me? Do they add to the fullness of my personality? Do they satisfy my nature, with its inclinations, and my individual bent?

The point of the distinction is not that human operations are divided between some which work on extrinsic things to satisfy needs and others which are just actions to fulfill our capacities. The distinction, in many cases, is rather like that between a wife and a homemaker. The same person may be fully both. Yet we hope that her husband and the ice-man will see the distinction and take proper account of it.

Every operation we voluntarily perform is the fulfillment of some capacity. This includes every technical operation, every move to satisfy a need. But there are two sides to such an operation. On the one side it is a work, on the other an act. It is a good or bad work depending on whether we accomplish what we mean to accomplish in the thing we work on. It is a

good or bad act depending on whether we are a more complete human person for doing it.

In both aspects human operations differ from those of all other living things. Every other living thing satisfies its needs with objects at hand, or which need only simple processing. To the extent processing is required, the work is done in an instinctive manner. The tools necessary are provided the animal in his organism. For instance, the beaver has sharp teeth for gnawing and the horse doesn't have to make himself a fly swatter.

Man satisfies few of his needs with things at hand. The needs themselves are fairly constant, but the processing which is required is done in a variety of ways which seems always capable of improvement. And not only does man devise better ways of bringing things to use, he devises new tools.

But compare man in his need-fulfilling role with man in his capacity-realizing role. Every other living thing realizes itself to its limit according to a pattern of its type. Its whole self-realization is completed in the satisfaction of its needs and in reproduction. But not so man! Capacities differ from one person to another, and they surpass any assignable limit. Man is not complete when his needs have been satisfied and he has reproduced. No, he seeks to know the ends of the universe and he builds his own universe in imagination. Play he hides under serious titles, ashamed to admit that much of what he does is useless. And man dares hope he will live forever and perhaps see God. Oh man with the restless heart!

In satisfying his needs, man is presented with a definite problem. In realizing himself, it is up to the person himself to state what the question is to be. In the satisfying of needs it is a matter of the use of intelligence and the carrying out of the result. In realizing his capacities, the person judges, chooses and adjusts the possible activities by standards he himself formulates.

Technical problems can be tackled one by one. In each, man tries to find the minimum means. Decisions must be made, but the decisions may be calculated given information and the means to carry them out. But in self-realization, the person considers his whole situation at once. There is no adequate

means, much less a minimum one. Efficiency has no place here. When a choice has to be made it cannot be calculated, no matter how perfect the information at hand.

The technically efficient man is an artist or technologist. He is clever. The person who knows best how to realize his capacities is so far moral. He has human wisdom. In solving the problem set for him by his needs, man the technician uses his intelligence in ways determined for him by the terms of the problem. But in determining what is to be his self-realization and in realizing himself, man the moral person is free and he shows freedom. This is the freedom both the individualist and the socialist miss.

The socialist misses this freedom for he does not see that man's self-realiation goes beyond, and far beyond the satisfaction of his needs. The individualist misses this freedom, for he fails to see that man's self-realization is to a great extent in activities in which many co-operate together. Both treat government as a technical affair, either considering it an organization of technical activities, or treating it as an instrument serving to provide conditions in which techncal actvities can be carried on. But in truth neither the contented herd of cows nor the lone wolf is an adequate exemplar for man and society.

The Educators' Responsibility

by Raymond T. McNally

THE true university is an independent institution dedicated to the education of the superior student and to the research of the scholar-teacher. From the time our ancestors gathered in the portals of Notre Dame Cathedral to participate in higher learning and teaching, students and professors have fought for creative independence, freedom of expression for themselves. That in time was their greatest achievement.

Today too frequently our universities contradict this tradition. Today we do not ask what the university has to say about society, but, on the contrary, what society wants the university to say. The university has ceased to be autonomous; it no longer stimulates the superior student. The professor seeks to reach a man in each class, based on mediocrity. Thus, our university has become an arm for the further promulgation of the sentiments of the mass society.

If we continue in the present trend, our universities will still encourage more of the same, that is, increased mediocrity. Our standards will not rise, they will not fall. The only perceptible change will be founded on numbers, not on quality. And what will we leave behind us to inspire future generations? Will there be any monuments of lasting value? Will there be any pictures when the TV cathode tubes have all burned out? When the celluloid has cracked into dust, when the Hi-Fi suffers from a lack of filaments, will men look at our works and remark how ours was truly the age of contentment?

Thirty years ago perspicacious men read the message on the face of American education. The report of Committee G

to the American Association of University Professors wrote:

"American education has suffered from the domination, conscious or unconscious, direct or indirect, of political and sentimental, as well as educational, theories that are demonstrably false. If the views of some men are to prevail the intellectual life of the country is doomed; everybody except the sheer idiot is to go to college and pursue chiefly sociology, nature study, child study, and community services. We shall have a society unique only in its mediocrity, ignorance, and vulgarity. It will not do to dismiss lightly even so extreme a view as this; it is too indicative. Such influences are very strong, their pressure is constant; and if education has largely failed in America it has been due primarily to them."

Since 1928 we have gone far beyond this initial warning. For, whereas before our contemporary times such a situation met with forebodings, today not only have we continued on this road of university mediocrity, but we have moved on to a justification of our present set-up! We now have theories to not only sanction but to encourage more of the same.

It is my contention that out of this kind of education comes no original idea, no challenge to the human spirit, only normalcy. Superficial education — the only kind possible under the present system — produces superficial thinkers. American educators have forgotten that only God can create something out of nothing. The opinion of the mediocre man is forged by the Great Blacksmith, the society around him. Thus, his notions are those of everyone else, and hence, the ideas of no one at all. The average student has no ideas which he can call his own. This is the wonderful promised land. The American university student has reached the nirvana of final social adjustment. See how happy, how satisfied we are!

The compulsion in this society towards mental lethargy and apathy hits even at the most intellectual of the intellectuals. It seeps under the door like smoke. You cannot avoid it, for these are the conditions in which we live. Not only is it a social sin to oppose the system; it is quite enough simply to be neglectful in not praising the system enough. You sin not only by rejection but also by default. Even protest against the system falls into the rankest type of support for the *status*

quo. For protest can be meaningful only against a particular segment of any society; protest against society as a whole, on the other hand, is ineffectual. Hence, this is the dilemma of the American intellectual.

Our society has devised a unique method for crushing those who want change — the Siberian exile of social ostracism. This kind of ostracism is different than that of the Greeks and Russians, and extremely more effective, because it is not bound to physical or geographical bases. The people treat the American intellectual as a foreigner on native soil. No one objects to the intellectual; he is tolerated. For, we Americans are not anti-intellectuals, nor are we all conformists, we are basically a-intellectual. The Socratic problem of what is the best life for man, what is the greatest good for man, does not concern us. Haven't we reached the realization of our ideals here on earth?

This attitude permeates our university life. In our classrooms the professor thus falls into egalitarian education which is no education at all. The better students, the genuinely gifted, find no challenge in our university. The Siren song of "democrative education" has lulled us into the nightmare that we can encourage original thought in the masses. Yet, through experience we know that the bulk of the people are reactionary, resist all change today, and tend to slide down into the glorious depths of self-satisfaction, not on an individual, but on a collective scale.

As American Catholics our university problem is heightened not diminished. We tend to cloud the issue even more than the secular or privately-run university. For, American Catholics, unlike their distant brothers in Europe, fail to distinguish between the moral and the intellectual virtues. Not that these virtues are mutually exclusive, but there is a problem of proper emphasis.

The university, Catholic, Protestant, private, or secular, is first and foremost devoted to the cultivation of intellectual virtues through advanced studies. It is understandable that the function of the priesthood is that of trying to save souls. Here is the root of most of our unique difficulties. There is a conflict which should not exist but does. For, by "saving souls"

many priests mean "keeping the student ignorant of the 'pernicious' thoughts of most modern intellectuals." As a matter of fact, however, the student who has been incited to a catholic development of his personal intellectual virtues will no doubt be well prepared to enter into the next life of pure intellectual contemplation of God. The other method of American Catholic intellectual segregation results in nothing but loss of face, soul, and mind.

I do not believe that most American students have decided that the intellectual life is worth living, nor do I think that they ever will. But in the mind of the so-called average American student only that which brings immediate prospects of a comfortable standard of living is good. But the mediocre student can be taught to recognize and respect the creative activity of his more gifted brothers.

An Honors Program at John Carroll University would do much to bring us close to a solution of our double problem: how to raise the general standard of the university as a whole and how to encourage original thoughts in our superior students. Such a program would be set up in the following manner:

At the beginning of the Spring term the Honors Committee would choose one hundred names from the Freshman class on the basis of high school record, College Board marks, and first semester Freshman grades. The committee would then select sixty of these to undergo a series of interviews with the members of the Honors Program faculty. Thirty of these candidates would begin their special studies at the outset of the Sophomore year.

The first semester would consist of weekly seminars in literature under the tutelage of a qualified faculty member for each of the sessions. The Honors candidate would read the world's great literature. In the second semester history would be the subject of seminar discussions. The Honors candidate would read the major works of great historians from Herodotus to Toynbee. Seminars would still remain the most important part of the program, but in addition there would be quarterly book reports. At the close of Sophomore year he who fulfills the requirements would be admitted into full member-

ship.

The Junior year students would concentrate on philosophy. Senior year is the final, true test. The Honors student would be virtually on his own. He must submit the equivalent of an M.A. thesis in his major field of concentration. He must also pass a comprehensive oral examination.

The Honors graduate would gain the highest degree that the college has to offer — *summi honores.* This honors degree would be distinguished from the other regular college degrees. If such a student would have any plans for going on to graduate work, this honors degree would be invaluable in obtaining admission to the better graduate schools or in winning scholarships, fellowships, or assistantships.

All this would be the yeast in the intellectual life of John Carroll University. After all, the lifeblood of the university is not the physical plant. Nor is university teaching the rehashing of other people's ideas from other people's textbooks. The university is not the eternal nursemaid carefully weaning "the boys" by coddling them into belongingness in the classroom, so that they may pass on to the belongingness of the organization. Until we realize all this we shall remain an institution dedicated to the sweaty muscle, the dogmatic illusion, and the mass mind; someday a modern Erasmus will wittingly shock us into the revelation that true learning is the most rewarding, most admirable, activity for man. It is in creative striving that we come closest to God.

The Hillbilly

The sun was setting and the last of the bathers came out of
the surf.
There were sandy hotdogs, night blew in and they all moved
close to the fire.

He stood at the edge of the firelight,
Toughly muscled,
Long black hair,
A tattered T-shirt,
And levis.

He stood,
And out of the tabernacle of his people came his guitar.

His voice was quiet, soothing,
With a touch of sadness and the hills.
He sang.

And once again it was burning bright,
And there were fields and summer
beach and water
sun and life
a boy and his dog.
And there was dusk.
A hush,
A silent velvet,
Whispers,
And love,
And sleep.

And then he was gone.
Then there came the searchers,
The cops,
Heavy with their questions.
But no one had seen him.
The cops left.

Somewhere in the shadow of the night a girl wept.

— *Chris Bunsey*

CONTRIBUTORS

DAVID LOWE, the literary editor of the *Quarterly*, is a recently initiated member of the Lambda Iota Tau literary fraternity. In his essay, *Ten Came Running*, he defends himself against an attack by an editor of the *Carroll News*.

LAWRENCE RAYBOURNE, a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly*, again appears on our pages with a short story, *A Fair Exchange*. The Evening Division student also offers a poem, "Black Sacrament."

JOHN DISKIN, senior philosophy major from Cleveland, appears in the *Quarterly* for the first time. He presents a critical analysis of G. K. Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday*.

GABRIEL, heaven's answer to the editors' plea for copy.

JOHN McBRIDE, a sophomore English major from Chicago, has contributed the poem "Oligos." John, an officer of the Augustan Society, will be familiar to most readers as a leading actor in the University Theatre.

JOHN CLIFFORD, president of the University Theatre, appears as the author of the unusual short story *Niffco*. John is a senior history major from Cleveland and a copy editor of the *Quarterly*.

GERMAIN GRISEZ, who contributed the essay, *The Ethical, the Technical, and Freedom,* received his A.B. from J.C.U. in 1951. At present he is a candidate for the Ph.D. in philosophy from the University of Chicago and an Assistant Professor of philosophy at Georgetown University.

RAYMOND T. McNALLY, Ph.D., an instructor in the Department of History of the University, as a Fulbright Scholar received his M.A. from the University of Paris and he did his doctoral work at the University of Berlin. In his article, Dr. McNally points out the educators' responsibility to brilliant students.

CHRIS BUNSEY, a Carroll freshman, makes his initial contribution to the *Quarterly* with a poem, "The Hillbilly." Most of the readers will know Chris through his roles with the University Theatre.


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